

WADCO NEWS.



Volume 2

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Number 7



Through the kindness of our Editor, the tool makers were informed that they would be expected to get out the front page of the *Wadco News* for this issue. We, through the co-operation of our room mates, the ability of our cartoonist, and the thorough training always required of a tool maker to meet any job given him and see it well done, have endeavored to make this page a "hum-dinger," so to speak. If any one of the executive force who does not see his cartoon in the above April Showers will kindly pass his name in to the Editor, he will see to it that it is in the next issue.

You will notice in looking over this page that we have not mentioned the tool room. Why? Because we figure that it is very poor policy to talk about ourselves. Another reason is, we are interested in the success of the *Wadco News* and feel that by not mentioning the tool room we are giving other departments a chance to come back at us and show some pep. Now, shop mates, be a sport, for we invite competition, and by so doing we will all help to make our shop paper a success.

A Tool Maker.

VACATION NOTES.

Well, hello, Shop Mates! I am glad to see you all back again after your short vacation, and I guess, by the pleasant smile on all of your faces, you all had a good time. I had the occasion to be in quite a number of places during the last few days, and with great pleasure I ran into a few of the Whiting & Davis employees.

I saw Eva Contois riding on the hobby horses at Crescent Park, and she sure seemed to be enjoying herself.

I stopped into Rhodes-on-the-Pawtuxet for a while and there on the floor dancing was Clara Guild, with that same pleasing smile.

Down in New York I met Frank Brown. He had just come from the Polo Grounds. He said he had been to look over the place so as to get a few ideas for our new ball diamond.

I happened to run across Eddie Pink on the outskirts of Bangor, Me., and the roads were pretty bad, but in that new Studebaker all roads are smooth and level, for how she can pull. I'll say so!

I saw Harlan Morgan in Keith's in Boston, and he seemed to be enjoying himself, although he was having a little trouble in keeping awake, but don't you know, a janitor's job is liable to make you feel that way.

In strolling around Lake Pearl, who should I see in swimming but Hattie Coombs. I would say it was rather early to take to the water, Hattie? I didn't happen to see anything of Dorothy Staples. I guess she must have stayed pretty close to home, Louis being away.

I met Mildred Miller in Newport. You know Mildred always liked sailors.

The funniest sight I think I saw was Al. Rossler and Clarence Skinner both trying to drive the same car.

Well, now vacation is over, I hope you won't get sore, for if you do, I shall have to write about a great many more.

Another Tool Maker.

"It doesn't cost a cent to agree with a customer. To disagree often costs a sale."

Wadco News

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by the Employees of Whiting & Davis
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EDITORIALS

THE MAN WHO QUILTS.

He starts with a rush in a joyous hour,
As good as the next; but he lacks the
power
That would make him stick with a
courage stout
To whatever he tackles and fight it out.

He starts with a rush and a solemn
vow
That he'll soon be showing the others
how;
Then something new strikes his roving
eye,
And his task is left for the by and by.

It's up to each man what becomes of
him;
He must find in himself the grit and
vim
That brings success; he can get the
skill
If he brings to the task a steadfast will.

No man is beaten till he gives in;
Hard luck can't stand for a cheerful
grin;
The man who fails needs a better
excuse
Than the quitter's whining "What's
the use?"

For the man who quits lets his chances
slip
Just because he's too lazy to keep his
grip;
The man who sticks goes ahead with
a shout,
While the man who quits joins the
"down and out."

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

I'll challenge to out-eat
Your boss, "Bill" Sweet,
In eating cake, candy or pie,
If he pays the bill,
And no doubt he will,
Tho' the chances are good that we
die.

If we make a date
For half-past eight,
To sample some home-made fudge.
Whatever the pace
With "Bill" I'll race,
Until we're not able to budge.

It would be some feat,
But life would be sweet,
I'll tell the world to-day,
To sit beside "Bill"
And there eat my fill,
If he has the money to pay.

—H. E. G.

MINUTES LOST PER EMPLOYEE.

	3-12-21	3-19-21
Mesh Room	4	2
Assembly	25	24
Gold A.	1	0
Lining	0	12
Polishing	14	9
Coloring	7	5
Bench	10	6
Soldered Mesh	11	4
Unsoldered Mesh ...	8	5
Tool	9	4
Die Department	0	6
Stamp and Press	6	8
Maintenance	18	20
Repair	6	8
Whiting Chain Co. ...	2	0
Gold B.	9	26
Office	13	0
Planning Department. 0		6
Total hours lost	94	74½

Buck Up!

When the clouds are dark and leaky,
and your courage dank and streaky:
when the world looks like a note that's
overdue; when your business takes to
shrinking and your courage takes to
sinking, remember, lad the fight is up
to you.

You can't quit, till you do your bit;
so buck up, boy, buck up!

Tina says she will get Gene yet. We
hope so.

MIDDLEBORO NEWS.

Your description of that dread disease
Was read with interest keen,
The victims have our sympathy,
And deserve it, too, I ween.

Hairites in a factory
Should create a panic wild,
Down here they have not got it
And we hope it's running mild.

If the married men have taken it.
Their wives should from them flee,
For I know from observation
It's a real catastrophe.

The chronic cases can't be cured
When they reach a certain state,
So try and cure the others
Before it is too late.

Ah, yes! we have a bowling team
Of which we're justly proud,
But they're modest and retiring
So can't sing praises loud.

Oh, many things I'd tell you
About their score so high,
But Beatrice gave instructions
And warned me "not to lie."

They certainly have a splendid place
To practice night or day,
And the jolly crowd has a jolly time
When they meet at the "Y" to play.

Now they're not content to play alone
Nor to wait until the fall,
Before they show you what to do
With that lignum-vitae ball.

And to the soldered mesh team No. 1
A challenge now they send.
They wish to play you one game
Before the season's end.

The alleys now are all engaged
Until the fifteenth passes by,
But any night thereafter
They'll play you at the "Y."

So come prepared to teach them
A "little thing or two."
Perhaps they'll need the lesson.
Perhaps it will be you.

Please let them know without delay
The night that you can come,
And they'll engage the alleys,
And prepare to make things hum.

—Hattie E. Goodwin.

IN MEMORY OF KATE AND DORIS.

We miss their smiling faces
When we look at their empty places,
We miss the clip of the shears
A buzzing round our ears.

We wonder if Doris's gabbing
And Kate is a-giggling still.
Perhaps we will some time know,
For where there's a way there's a will.

Mrs. Stark's family has grown smaller since Doris has gone to the cutting bench.

The last *Wadco News* published was full of Boyles. Perhaps we can recommend that old-fashioned Spring Remedy of Sulphur and Molasses, as everyone is afraid of germs these days.

Lou: "What time does the next train go?"

Agent: "Two-two."

Lou: "Yes, I know the train goes 'toot-toot,' but what time does the next train leave this station?"

We hope that from this recent cold snap the orange groves will still bloom, for Elsie and Cora certainly would miss their oranges.

Don't Mildred D. look lonesome without her escort? I hear he has moved out of town.

Wedding bells soon to ring for Mrs. D. Who will it be, a very young man or the fireman?

Eva and Gene wish to announce to their many friends that they will *not* start a circus this year, although they admit that they would have an unlimited supply of material for clowns, side-shows, etc., among the six hundred-odd hands in the factory.

Leon isn't the only one who enjoys a Boyle. Francis says he doesn't mind one on his arm sometimes.

An Epitaph.

Here rest the bones of Oswald Blame. He went out with a strange blonde dame; He knew his wife had left for Maine— How could he know she'd missed the train?

SPORTS.

Frank Brown, Editor.

Some wonderful bowling was done by the Girls in their match on Monday, the 28th. It seems that the Soldered Mesh challenged the Office crew to show them how badly they could trim them and went into active training right away. To show how faithful they kept to the training table, it is said they even refused ice-cream when it was offered them, thinking that would ruin their eyes for bowling. As for the Office team, they never thought that they had a cinch, but after the way the willows fell in the first string for the Soldered Mesh their spirits were at a low ebb. It was then that the Office team got together and held a conference and every one was instructed to spit on her hands and meet the head pin with some speed. They followed the instructions and came back wonderfully, which made the score even with one each. Then the final frame was started. Miss Ireland for the Office started off with a spare and the whole team got together and rolled up a total of 471. This won the match, as the Mesh team only rolled 440. Florence Whiting's strings were the best ever rolled by any one of the ladies, who have been rolling well this winter. Her three strings were, 118, 91, 109, with a total of 318, a most remarkable score for a girl. Her team mate, Miss Cooke, was the next highest, with 292. For the Office, Miss Ireland was high with a three-string total of 286. A most remarkable thing about the event was that the Office team won the match, although they were shy in the total pinfall. They won two out of three and that gave them the match.

The following is the box score:

Office Team.

M. Ireland	87	97	102	286
Burton	78	73	89	240
D. Ireland	55	65	75	195
Anderson	82	101	96	279
King	83	89	109	281
				1281

Soldered Mesh.

Cooke	122	96	78	292
Gauvin	71	69	91	231
Bourgeois	73	77	93	262
Babinau	97	78	93	220
Whiting	118	91	109	318
				1327

The baseball players are getting anxious already and are looking over at the new field every day to hurry it along. We expect to have a corking team this year, as several players have asked for a show on our team. The Twilight League will soon get together and elect officers to carry on the sport this summer. With Herlin and Fulton in condition, we will not be far behind when the season closes this fall. The manager has his eye also on a first-class catcher who is more than anxious to get with the Whiting & Davis outfit.

We will ask the employees to assist later on in putting the field in good playing condition, and we expect they will come out in large numbers to perfect the work that has been started.

THAT STEAK SUPPER.

All the older men in the shop will remember the bowling match between the Planning Department and Polishing Room for a steak supper, but it seemed the Polishers had only accomplished the easiest part when they won. They had to get the supper.

The calf having grown to the age where it is lawful to kill them, Mr. Olsen served us a supper for ten. And the only lament came from Hard Cider Barrows, who exclaimed in a hoarse whisper to one J. J., "What's four gallons amongst two of us?" Everybody laughed, yet everyone was sober.

Bud asked to sit across from Barrows in order to listen to the music, but "Cider" refused to sing. Nobody was mad. Eddie Poor had a good appetite and made everybody mad by telling about his fourteen gallons of wine. Crotty was the "big noise," as usual, his soup solo being especially good. Stig Rice objected to Crotty's solo, claiming that it disturbed him when he tried to read the noodles in his soup.

The affair ended with hot apple pie and ice cream—and we all went home leaving Ralph Spence and Joe Lyczkowski arguing over which knife you used to eat the peas with. Personally, we think Ralph was right—anyway, that's the one we always use.

Why is it that Meegan is always picking on Rita McGerry? Perhaps it is because she is so small. Why don't you pick out someone your own size, Meegan?



CAUGHT IN THE MESH

LIBERTY.

Liberty means freedom, but that does not mean that a man has the freedom to make a speedway out of West Bacon Street, and travel at the rate of thirty-five or forty miles an hour in an automobile on the left-hand side of the street, and endanger the lives of pedestrians. Kindly take heed, as we all like to enjoy our "liberty."

A Shop Mate.

Anybody wishing to see a nice new leather-covered tool box, speak to Louis Entwistle, he will be only too glad to show it to you. And be sure to ask him to open it and let you look inside it, as he has some very nice tools in it.

From One Who Knows.

Florence K. wants it known that she has changed her name to "Krazy-Kat."

Why does Peggy Rountry like everything that comes in bunches?

Ellen Peck came to town.

From Pascoag far away,
She thought she'd learn to solder mesh,
We think she's here to stay.

If Edith Cook-ed some fudge and Rosie watched it Boyle, would Bill find it Sweet to eat? Could Ellen eat a Peck? If Dora got the Landry (laundry) and Katie took the Carr, would Dolly ring the Bell?

Ferdinand Molle of the Mesh Room says that Joe Matteos had three blow-outs and two punctures on the way to work the other day.

We wish Celina would stop making eyes at Jimmy. She better look at Louise's left hand.

Arthur Boehnkee is kept busy "canning peaches."

Why does Frank Murphy like these words — "Pass some more"?

With three girls wearing sparklers, the Soldered Mesh Department is looking to a season of showers, and Frank Brown is just smacking his lips in anticipation.

Si Hatten says: "That isn't tooth-ache. It is just dark B. L."

SAY! SAY!

Say, Lee! Where do you get that serious look? It looks as if it came from a correspondence school book.

Say, Gardner! You sure look as smooth as glass, but you still belong to the working class.

Say, Bill Sweet! Your shape sure shows where Franklin's best home-made fudge goes.

Say, Gagnon! Kindly slow up when you pass by, for vacuum from your speed makes much dust fly.

Say, Berkley! What you talk, leave off the err-err-errs. For after a while it gets on our nerves.

Say, Brant! After hearing you tell how easy your flivver will ride, we think of truth-telling George Washington with more and more pride.

Say, Soderstrom! Where do you get that pose, with your hands in your pockets to your elbows?

Say, Tom Tierney! Is this gossip right, that there's finger prints on your money, you hold it so tight?

Say, Frank Gaddes! How do you get that (weight)? You'll be more popular than Eva before an early date.

The Woonsocket Branch has organized a basketball team, and if "Al" doesn't take away the rest of the yard the next time he comes, they expect to have some good games.

DANCE! DANCE! DANCE!
Come one! Come all!
To the Plainville Town Hall,
The Tally-Ho Club
Promises to give you lots of fun.
We are very glad to say
That Riendeau's Orchestra will play.
Don't forget the date
Which is Friday, April 8th.

Lucinda Moore may not be a flirt, but she is more than fond of "hymns."

Frank Gaddes has a coupe, but you never see any "chickens" in it.

Dot Staples has a shiner — on her left!

One thing we never see — John Meegan without a smile.

Peggie is very pretty,
Her dimples quite divine,
Her home is in the "Herring City"
But she gets here on time.

Bill Goyette says: "Shakespeare is right, 'All the world's a stage.' Don't I have to shift the curtains every day?"

Wanted—Second-hand pair of roller skates. Must be cheap. Owen Dolan.

Ray Janneau says: "Sure, I know where to buy tobacco, but what's the use when I can borrow?"

Grace Moore does wish that Doc. Dolan would cultivate a more human way of sneezing. She hates to be scared to death.

No wonder Joe Miller's hair is getting thin. When some folks go through they take a souvenir of his locks with cutting pliers.

Wanted — Second-hand Ford; any condition, but the price must be low. What do you say, Jim, want to sell yours? John Brant.

Have you noticed Ray Baxter's "Charlie Chaplin mustache"? We have, but he had to call our attention to it first.

No wonder Archie Lewis has such good eyes! Have you ever noticed how he wears his shade?

Leave your orders for strawberries early. Otto Newhaus has purchased ten plants and expects to supply all customers. Why not? They are the everbearing kind.

For Sale—Cow's milk, fresh milk, sour milk, skimmed, modified, condensed and watered milk. Apply to Fred Gardner.

Jimmy Farley says that he can't see Nancy Bell on account of the boxes, but he can hear that everlasting whistle every hour of the day.

Gene Brault says: "Don't for one minute think I'm ever pickled because I work in the pickle room." Poor Gene.

Lost—While moving in my Ford last week, I lost a perfectly good wash boiler. I heard it drop, but thought it would only a rear-end knock. Return to Bill Blanchard.

Bill Kelly sure is proud of his beautiful silver hair.